FREE OR DONATION

THE GLASTONBURY GURNER

INCORPORATING THE MENDIP MUNTER

A MOCKERY OF A TRAVESTY OF A SHAM

'Smokefree' Festival for next year's Glastonbury

SEASONED FESTIVALGOERS REACTED WITH DISMAY to the news that at next year's Festival **smoking will be banned.** Lord Michael of Eavis, monarch of this delightful glen, will be required under law to display 'prominent' notices informing the **bedraggled hippies** attempting to commune with **musical celebrity** that **sparking up is off the menu.**

Additionally, a large 'no-smoking' sign will be perched atop the Pyramid Stage, in neon, powered by the same **resolutely carbon-neutral** energy sources that run all that hi-tech satellite stuff in the backstage area. A huge security operation will police the ban, fining first-offending fag-afficianados £10, with persistent **career smokers** 'escorted' off site, bundled into **black vans** and extraordinarily rendered to the client state of Frome.

Special attention will be paid to those lighting up 'festival cigarettes', Pilton carrots, or Somerset cigarillos, as dope smoke is especially **bad for the country** as a whole, leading inevitably to lack of cohesion and warm fuzziness, both of which can cause **'ground-stumblyness'** and being really high.

Smoking in fields will be banned from July 1st 2007.

Mendip Monsoon Misery

NOT ENTIRELY UNPRECEDENTED SCENES awaited our **hard-bitten hacks** as they emerged from their unnatural slumbers at about 1pm this afternoon.. "It's **just like the Big Brown Gathering** a few years ago'" marvelled our editor in chief Devlin Crease. Horrific scenes of **muddy carnage** inevitably ensued as we **valiantly** aimed our solar panels as the **pendulous mass** of cloud, fired up the decrepit Mac in the **gruesome ditch** we laughably call 'the office' and blew up yet another inverter.

Rumours that the rest of the country was **luxuriating** in a heatwave began to filter through the usual garbled channels, and a repeat of the now-legendary **'blow instead of suck'** error with the shit-truck in the dance tent became more than a **wistful possibility.**

Anyway, as I type the sun has come out, people are cheering, and the **nose-bleedingly cheerful** bloke who kept saying "Oooh, I think it's brightening up," all morning is looking **really smug.** So that's the end of that story. Shame, as it was looking like it could run and run, which would have been great because our reporters are **still not back** from the fact-finding mission they went on at about 3am.

Fag-Smoking Contest: The Pilton Heats

Sports fans were cheered yesterday after the announcement that last year's highly-successful Fag-Smoking Competition at the Big Green Gathering is to be repeated, here at Glastonbury Festival of Performing Arts. Leading contenders Devlin Crease, August Weaken and Lexden Morant will perform in a head-to-head smokeathon, there will be an open-to-all Popstars-style public humiliation contest, and Audrey Pussycat will appear live via a video-feed, demonstrating the construction and inhaling of her legendary 'poky thinnies'. Our sports correspondent will have more tomorrow! Oh yeah, **smoking's really unhealthy,** and makes you look neither big nor clever.

The Editors of *The Glastonbury Gurner* pedal casually to the 'toilets' this morning.

Newspapermen Employ Blatant Self-Promotion in Probably Futile Effort to Improve Relations With The People They Blagged Their Tickets Off

It's quite **frankly unbelievable** that your red-top scandalsheet, your own muck-raking *Glastonbury Gurner* is produced **on site** using **solar power, a milkfloat,** an antique computer, a discredited line of printing machines and frequent recourse to the **family-sized bottle** of cheap cider. But it's true, and the editors should be given really nice presents.

DO-IT-YOURSELF COLOUR SECTION

As a service to the thousands of **jaded parents** still desperately thinking of those halcyon **nights of muntering** back in the days before they decided that a **couple of kids** would give a much-needed boost to their **wilting relationship,** we at The Glastonbury Gurner are happy to offer this Children's Section. Regretably, financial constraints prevent us from giving away **a free pack of felt-tips with every issue** of the Gurner, but we trust that Mummy and Daddy will probably have packed some anyway. Well, enough of us; **get busy, kiddies!**

'Recombobulator' Seen on Site; Public warned of 'Therapy Charlatanism'

Festival-goers were warned by the General Medical Council that certain **so-called 'therapies'** offered by a roving band of **guerilla healers** may be nothing more than **pie-in-the-sky mumbo-jumbo** masquerading as **hard-headed evidence-based scientific objectivity.**

The 'Recombobulator', a device which allegedly assists the discombobulated with their **psychic pain** has been spotted several times today, the operators most recently claiming to have **'made the clouds go away by chanting'.**

Stanley Sprocket's *101 Ways to Get in to Glastonbury for Free*

N.B. *Festival organizers will have read this newspaper too. They'll be extremely worried by the publishing of this information and will have studied this material carefully.*

No. 1. Parapont

Go on, challenge yourself. Not only are you going to pass the great fences with hundreds of feet to spare but it will be a terrific story to tell your grand children when they think you're a has been.

You'll need 40 hours minimum air-time experience to complete this one well, but if you have rooky spirit you could attempt it with 20 hours or even less. Aviation is a serious business, treat it with respect.

You should be aiming to dive into the nearest tea tent with in 90 seconds of landing.

Glastonbury Tor (over 500 feet above the site) is an obvious jump off point.

Fly downhill fast at a low altitude then suddenly reverse and land over the top of big hedge.

Unlike hang gliders which are much more conspicuous on landing, paraponts can be folded up in seconds. Remember not to look like or act like a pilot in those seconds after landing.

Skin up and have fun. You're in.

Law report: Guilty of deliberate trespass and enter. Sentence: Unconditional discharge or fine of 25-50 pounds max.

Green factor: 10

Don't get caught. Best of luck.